

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 27, 1889.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

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Presiding Attorney, L. M. McClinton.
Deputy Sheriff, M. J. McNeil.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Court, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbaugh.
Com'ry. Ct., S. E. Board, Pres.
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 2nd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTON.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOKER.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

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Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
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Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARMUCKER.
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

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Attorney-at-Law,
Berkeley, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SATER.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

D. K. WILKINS.
Attorney-at-Law,
Berkeley, W. Va.

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Little Bear.
Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
In your meek and lowly sphere,
May a thirsty neck you wet,
Drooping many a vain regret,
In your song there's lots of cheer,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
Place my ax on record here,
That all the liquids known,
From temperate to intemperate zone,
Standst thou without a peer,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
I do love thee. Yes, I love
My affections too intense,
Cling around thee deep and dense,
Laved not wisely, but too dear,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
Season of amber night and cheer
Do you mind the days that I
Tried to drink the brewery dry?
Oh you got me on my ear,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
Oh! how many a bitter tear
Sparkles in thy shining foam—
Many a desolated home—
Many a sorrow, dark and dear,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
You may think it rather queer,
But I feel that I must share
You or give the job up, dear,
No more schooner will I steer,
Little bear!

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and my watch certainly all with
vibrant at the moment of the collision.
The only explanation I can
give is that they were somehow
caught and crushed. I drifted during
the rest of the night, and was
picked up in the morning by a vessel
bound in. By that time the
wreckage had drifted apart until
nothing could be found. Nothing
whatever was picked up or cast up
on any shore, and had I not been
saved, the fate of the bark could
only have been guessed at.

What did she collide with? The
lookouts were on the bow, and alert
and the night so clear that a ship
could have been seen a mile away.
The chart showed clear water for
hundreds of miles about, and we must
have run full tilt upon some vessel
which had been dismantled and bludgeoned
in the hurricane. It loaded with
timber, her decks would have been
awash, and she would have been as
bad as a rock to collide with. There
was only one shock, and the whole
bow of the bark were crushed in
by it.

Three years later, while off the
banks of Brazil in a small English
ship called the White Cloud, another
strange thing happened. I was first
mate of this ship, and about 10
o'clock in the forenoon, the weather
being very fine and the wind
light, I had all the men on deck
setting up the rigging, some of
which had slackened away. A man
aloft suddenly hailed the deck with
the information that a large whale
was bearing down on the ship head on.
We were a merchant vessel, and
thought of a whale had no interest
for us. We went on with our work
for three or four minutes, when the
man again hailed me with:

"If that fellow holds his course
he will be dead on us. He's a big
fellow, and coming like an iron
steamer."

I ran forward to get a look, and
the sea was so smooth that I had
no difficulty in making out the
whale. He was still a mile away,
coasting down at about steamer
speed, and holding a course as
straight as if somebody aboard of
him was steering by compass. I
was not a bit alarmed, expecting to
see him show flukes every moment,
but the Captain came on deck and
ordered the man at the wheel to
break off two or three points. This
brought the whale on our port bow.
As I told you, I expected to see
him soon every moment. It was
astonishing that he had not discovered
us long before. I could scarcely
believe my eyes as he held on,
and by and by we had him abeam
side. I am telling you the truth
when I say he actually rubbed us
as we passed each other, and the
odor of him was so rank that some
of the men cried out in disgust.

That whale was ninety feet long if
he was an inch, and he had a head
on him like a brick wall. So far as
we could see he was carrying no
harpoons and had no fresh wound,
but he was moss-grown and lustrous
as if he had knuckled about for
a couple of hundred years. The
fact of his holding his own in such
a half-headed way was alarming,
and when we were clear of him we
felt it necessary to get ourselves over
the whole thing.

We were perhaps a mile apart
when the whale cleared around.
The moment we discovered what
he was doing we knew that he
meant to attack. The breeze had
now died away until we could not
hope to dodge him, and he had not
yet fairly started when we dropped
the yard from the davit and ran
her alongside to the bow. Two

men were ordered to get water and
provisions into her, and as the
whale headed up for us we went off
before the light breeze to give him
all the room we could. Three or
four minutes settled the question
of whether he was after the ship or
sailing his own course. He headed
up for her, coming faster and faster,
and when he was two cables' length
away there was a great
white wall of water rolling before
him, and his speed was from
eighteen to twenty miles an hour.
He struck us full on the starboard
quarter, and the shock was as if
two ships had collided. Planks
and ribs gave way before him, and
as he recoiled from the blow our
ship settled down stern first and
was under water within two minutes.
Everybody was knocked down
by the shock, and everybody
got up to rush for the yawl. I was
sucked down almost as soon as I
reached my feet, and after a struggle
in which I came out first but
by a close shave, I was shot to the
surface and a lot of deck rattle.
There were two or three men
around me at first, and as I was
heaved up I caught sight of the
yawl with at least two men in her.
The whale was still at hand, lying
very quiet, but I feared he would
soon be aroused and attack us in
turn, and I seized the galley door
and paddled away to get out of his
reach. While doing this a squall
came down and hung on for twenty
minutes, and when it had passed I
could see nothing of boat nor whale.

That afternoon, an hour before
sunset, I was picked up by the
American whaler Richard Knox.
She already had our yawl, which
she had found bottom up, but had
not seen any of the men nor met
with any wreckage. I was again
the only one saved, and but for my
testimony the fate of the ship would
have forever remained a mystery.
As to why the whale attacked us
was made more clear after my rescue.
The Knox had raised and
chased him the evening before, and
he had been "galled" or annoyed
so often during the month past that
he had become ugly. He came for
us with the intention of sending the
ship to the bottom, and he succeeded
in only too well in carrying out his
purpose.

A third mystery was the case of
the Janet Wilcox, an American
brig bound for Rio Janeiro. I was
second mate of her when the occurrence
took place. We had had
weather for a good share of the voyage,
but the brig was new and
staunch, and was at no time in imminent
peril. About 300 miles off Rio,
while enjoying a bit of good weather,
we one morning raised a long-boat
full of men dead ahead of us.
Indeed, the boat had taken down
her sail and was waiting for us to
come up. There were nine men
aboard of her, and they had plenty
of water and provisions. The story
they told was that they were a
part of the crew of a large British
ship which had been burned two
days before. They claimed that all
had got off in the boats, but that
the boats had become separated in
the heavy weather. They were a
hard-baked lot, composed of all
nationalities, and when we had taken
them aboard our captain was by no means
satisfied with their story. One of them claimed to be
second mate, and, as the crew had
all got off in two boats, it was a
puzzle that the first mate was not
in company of men. Other strange
things came up, and the story of
the ship did not hang together, and

so all hands were ordered to keep
an eye on the fellows.

We got a good start of wind and
had run down to within fifty or sixty
miles of the coast when the fellows
showed their hands. They
had been allowed to mingle freely
with our crew, but had carefully
abstained from a remark to indicate
that they had an evil purpose
in view. Their boat was large and
newly, and we had towed it at
us rather than to cast it loose
or to attempt to hold it inboard.
I was on watch from eight to twelve
and nothing suspicious occurred
during the first three hours. About
11 o'clock, as I stood near the mast
at the wheel, I was hailed from
the foremast with:

"Mr. Merlin, will you please step
forward and take a look at something
we can't make out?"

I afterward recalled that it was
not the voice of one of my watch,
but I did not heed the matter at
the time. I started forward, and
had reached the waist of the vessel
when two men seized me, lifted
me clear of the deck, and before I
could recover from my astonishment
was flung overboard head first.
It was more by instinct than
any plan of my own that I swam
for the boat towing astern. Had
the brig not been sailing close hauled,
and therefore sailing at a moderate
pace, I should not have reached
it. It was a close shave, and as I
hung to the gunwale for a moment
I heard a great confusion on the
brig. It was mutiny, of course, and
I was the first victim. My idea
was to get aboard again as soon
as possible, and the only way was
to get into the yawl, pull her
close up, and then climb up the
mast. After an effort or two I pulled
myself in, and just then there were
oaths and cries and pistol shots
from the brig, followed by a couple
couple of splashes alongside, which
meant that two bodies, living or
dead, had gone overboard. I had
hold of the painter when it was
loosened from above, and I drifted
rapidly astern. The fight continued
as long as was within hearing.
I was out of it entirely and could
only hope that our crew, who were
all good men, would overcome the
mutineers in the struggle.

After the brig was out of sight I
got all on the boat, and followed
her to the best of my judgment.
It was just in the gray of morning
that I was picked up by a British
ship bound into Rio. It wasn't
very mysterious that we picked up
the boat and that her crew attempted
off capture, but it certainly was
 queer that from the hour she left
me to this day that brig has never
been heard of. But for my escape
she would have been rated as lost,
and the insurance paid. As it was
the insurance company covered
payment, and was their own in
court. The insurance of that day,
at least, did not provide for any
emergency. The naval and
military service of every power
was notified of the circumstance,
and for two or three years every
sea was under observation, but the
brig was never overhauled, nor any
of her old crew heard of. My idea
is that she foundered within a few
days with all hands, but others differ.
She certainly did not turn pirate,
and she was never heard of as a
wreck. There is no such British
ship as the men said, nor was any
raft burned as they stated. They
must have been lying in words, and
it is queer that they would lie so
far out to sea in such a boat. Taken
all in all, it was a strange case, and
no one but one got the right end
of the thread to solve the tangle.



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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 27 1889.

Young Men to the Fore.

One thing that is needful on the part of the Democrats in coming political campaigns in this State, is to get new material in the vanguard of the party. The old leaders have been leaders too long. They have grown staid and dogmatic in their leadership, and are firm set in the belief that they alone must have the front places, and receive most of the spoils of victory. The old leaders of the party have led it most to its doom. They have quarrelled among themselves while the enemy has been silently undermining their camp, and yet the danger, though verily known, does not impel them to deeds that harmony of action has alone can save the party. It is the case everywhere. In parties, jealousies and enmities become ripe between men who have been leaders too long. The Democratic party of West Virginia needs new men at its head—new men who have toiled in the ranks like Trojans, caring for nothing but the triumph of the principles of the party. To put them there would inject new methods, new fire, new life into the contests, and lead very much to the purification of the party. The leaders who have looked down their party and themselves should be great the post of observers only, while the forces so long in reserve should be brought to the front.

There should be organization of young men's Democratic Clubs, spread all over the State, to which no man over the age of thirty-five years should be admitted. Men under that age are much more in love with principle than more zealous in the discharge of their duty, and much more ambitious to achieve success for their efforts than the men whose blood time has rendered sluggish, and apt with the sharp points of life made callous to those things which are remote from self interests. Give us the young men's Clubs. Let the boys take hold with their enthusiasm and dash, and they will fill the wheels out of the men. There is material enough in ten scattered districts alone for several of the best of the State. They should be organized quickly and thoroughly, not should devote much time to the study and dissemination of the true maxims of Government which are Democratic property, and are indispensable to the success and perpetuity of a Republic. It is time to be securing the time for our own party, for the time. The best of the people's mind more more than ever in this State. The crisis of the present tariff system is now looking upon the energies of the young men clearly every day. The people are full of enthusiasm, and of the distress which comes from our antiquated and inefficient tariff system. They are full of the desire to see the State of West Virginia, and of the distress which comes from our antiquated and inefficient tariff system. They are full of the desire to see the State of West Virginia, and of the distress which comes from our antiquated and inefficient tariff system.

for millions more.

There never was a grander time for the exhibition of the power of young America than the present. The nation is in the grasp of a power more dangerous to its institutions than any enemy which ever confronted it. The power of monopoly cannot be lightly overborne. To defeat it and save the country from despotism—to save the people their freedom—to save the birthright of the American citizen—the young men of the Republic must buckle on their armor and go forth into the light against the foes of the Republic.

We want in this State new brains to think, new hearts to dare, and new arms to work. We want honesty of purpose in politics as in other affairs of life. We want men to fight battles for the party, and not for self. We want the Democratic party reformed, rejuvenated, and reclaimed. The young men can do it, if they will. Will they?—*Charles W. Gallette.*

The recent address of Gen. Jubal A. Early, at Winchester, Va., has attracted considerable attention. He spoke his honest sentiments, and for this feature, if for no other he has been greatly praised. The following sentiment has been applauded universally: "As I have said on a former occasion, if ever I repudiate, disown, or apologize for the cause for which Lee fought and Jackson died, may the lightning of heaven light me and the sword of all good women and true men be my portion." General Early added: "And again I say that the Confederate who has deserted since the war, for the former has gone over to the enemy at no personal risk to himself and simply from motives of gain, while the latter took his life in his hands, knowing that he would be shot if captured, and in a number of cases he was tempted to leave the service to go the assistance of his family, which he was induced to believe was starving at home."

The General closed by paying a high tribute to the ladies of Virginia and the South.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 21st.—Harrison as a jaunter bids fair to be on a par with his republican predecessors. He returned Monday evening from a three day trip down the river and to-day he has gone to Cape May to remain until next Tuesday. If he is overworked now, as he says he is, God help the country if an occasion should arise demanding some real work of its executive. If he is overworked many members of his party would like to know what the nature of the work was; so far as the public knows, towards establishing a national policy of any kind and the two hours a day which he gives up to the hungry place seekers is hardly enough to break him down. If he is overworked it is from nursing "Baby McKee" probably the hardest work he has performed since his inauguration.

Corporal Tanner has just allowed an increase of pension to Senator Henderson of Ohio, that comes along with it \$4000 arrears. It may seem a little strange that the Senator never applied for this increase of pension before but then, perhaps Gen. Mark was not so anxious to oblige the Senator as the Corporal is.

Attorney General Miller must be mad because he has not received that appointment to the United States Supreme Court which he so confidently expected a short time ago. He has refused to give an opinion on the question referred to him by the Treasury department as to whether it would be a violation of law for the Catholic University to be located here, to being

over from Europe a corps of laymen. The solicitor of the Treasury has already given his opinion. He says it would be a violation of law. One of the most prominent lawyers of this city the same gentleman is one of the board of trustees of the University says the University will bring over instructors, and he does not believe that any court in the country will sustain the administration in constraining the alien contract law so as to exclude them.

A bit of scandal has leaked out about the sudden resignation of the private secretary of Corporal Tanner. It was thought a little strange that he should prefer being a timber agent of the Interior department in the far west to being private secretary to the Commissioner of Pensions. Now that the facts are out it is thought that he was very lucky not to be kicked out of the government service entirely. The trouble with him was the same as with a good many others, he was not satisfied to confine his "smuggling" propensities to his wife who would probably appreciate them, but must thrust them upon some other woman, who does not appreciate them. The story is a very short one; the private secretary came in with Tanner and at once became smitten with one of the lady clerks in the Pension office. He persecuted her with attention and wrote her many notes, the last one indecent and threatening her discharge. The lady then went to Secretary Noble, told her story and placed the notes in the Secretary's possession. That gentleman sent for Tanner and told him that Squeers—that's the "mahar" name must go. Tanner agreed easily because he wanted to give the position to his daughter just out of school, but owing to many obligations he had to stick to Squeers, therefore he persuaded Secretary Noble to appoint him a special timber agent.

"Mr. Face both ways at once" is Harrison new name. His attitude on civil service reform earned the hyphenated cognomen. It seemed a little tough for him that the morning paper, containing the associated press interview with Commissioner Roosevelt which was telegraphed from Indianapolis, stating that the President had instructed the Commissioners to enforce the civil service law in letter and spirit should have printed on the same page a most glaring violation of that same law by Harrison. The violation referred to was the changing of the rule, which says that no person who has been out of the classified service for more than a year can be reinstated without a regular examination, so that an exception is made in favor of veterans of the Union army, who can now be legally reinstated at any time no matter how long since they were discharged, if they have sufficient influence. The fact should be remembered that about seven out of every ten of these men that will be reinstated will cause the discharge of men who obtain the position they now fill through a Civil service examination. The Civil service law does not prevent a clerk being discharged.

HOW THIS.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any one of 10 marks that can be found by giving Hall's Catnip Cure.

J. E. CHENEY & CO., Props. Toledo, O.

It is the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

WAGG & TRICK, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WAGG, KIRK & MARBLE, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

E. H. VAN HORN, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O.

Mail a Circular Card to Toledo immediately, asking directly upon the blood and nerve condition of the system. Price 10¢ per bottle. Sent by all Druggists.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to me."
J. A. ARMOUR, M. D.,
121 St. Charles St., New York, N. Y.



4 MILES NEARER
OUR COLOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER
C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va., and M. O'FARELL, Huntersville, W. Va.
new LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE
At the foot of the ALLEGHANY MOUNTAIN on the Warne Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class
WEISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. MCCLINTIC & Co.,
(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)
Mt. Grove, - - Va.,
—DEALERS IN—
All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

If you need a mower

or reaper you will do

well to communicate

with the undersigned,

who is agent for the

celebrated

WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES.

All inquiries as to

terms etc. will receive

prompt attention.

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I. B. MOORE,
Sunset, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

AGEO. & W. & WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having at y purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

MARSHALL NOTICE
HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
No. 1, A. F. & A. M.—The
next regular meeting of this
Lodge is on the Friday evening pre-
ceding each 1st of Month, unless the
Moon falls on Friday, then on that
evening.
J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
& P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

HOME NEWS

—Lori Gay, Esq., was in town Tuesday.

—Some of our townsmen have been catching snakes late, lately.

—Atty. L. M. McClintic and wife are visiting his parents at Buckeye.

—A little fire has been quite comfortable in the mornings and evenings for the past few days.

Go to John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. May 9-12

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES office for 15c per 100.

—Dr. Heccklat McClintic, M. D., and Geo. McClintic of Cornington, were in town last Saturday.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. May 9-12

—Mrs. Joe Smith, and daughter, of Hill Point, passed through town Monday on their way to Green Bank.

Buy the Sperry Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that have been made by John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va. May 9-12

—Mr. J. B. Coffey, of Hill Point, and Miss Diphie Nottingham, of Greenbank, made us a pleasant call Monday.

—The stable of Attorney L. M. McClintic was broken open, and his horse taken out and ridden Tuesday night.

—If you want a history of the Johnstown flood, send to C. B. Newell, Dunmore, who will furnish you a copy as soon as they are sent.

—Atty. L. M. McClintic, D. A. Fisher and R. F. White, have gone to Williams river, to spend a few days fishing.

—We wish some body would bring a mass of fish. Here we have to stay all the time, in old newspapers and dirt, up to our eyes and work like a day on a cigar, and can't get a chance to go fishing.

—We understand that Mr. Sam. Gay, better known as "Wild Sam," of near Edgely, and Miss Emma, daughter of Mr. A. B. Taylor, of Williams river will be married next Wednesday.

—Wood Stalling is getting to be a common occurrence about town now, and we are advised wood, which is the only thing stolen during the coming winter. They say we are seeing half-timber since "Mr. Face" will not stop it? administrator.

—The first of July is coming and the first of July is coming and the first of July is coming.

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place on Sunday, the 30th, at 2, p. m.

Part of the lumbermen are getting out raft timber on Greenbrier river.

Dr. Lacy will preach at Clover Lick on Sunday 30th inst.

Mrs. David Bartlett, of Mill Point, is visiting friends in this section.

Rev. Jasper Sharp and family of Beverly, W. Va., are visiting relatives in this county.

Couldn't some one give us a snake story about a foot long.

Morgan Wakeman has been on the sick list for a few days.

Success to THE TIMES.

TOK SAWYER.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

Court convened on Monday 17th, with Judge A. N. Campbell on the bench.

CHANCERY CASES.

C. L. Austin & Co. vs. Wm. F. Arbut & suit No. 1, decree of sale.

High M. Carpenter's adm'x vs. Morgan M. Carpenter & Co., order of reference.

Stann C. Pyles vs. Jas. Pyle's Heirs, decree confirming assignment of widows dower.

Allen D. Grimes' adm'x vs. Allen D. Grimes' Heirs & Co., decree confirming sale.

Geo. C. Hill's Adm'x vs. Rebecca C. Hill & Co., order of reference.

Jas. W. McNelly's Adm'x vs. Jas. W. McNelly's Heirs & Co., decree confirming sale.

Jas. Sharp's Adm'x vs. Jno. Sharp's Legatees, cause dismissed.

Jas. Pyles' Adm'x vs. Pyles' Heirs & Co., cause dismissed.

Frank Barrett vs. Wm. M. McAllister & Co., decree entered in favor of Plaintiff.

STATE CASES.

Perry Townsend A. & B. No. 1, judgment on confession, and fined \$25; No 2 carrying deadly weapons, found guilty.

Jane Allen, A. & B., not pros.

Wm. Hill, A. & B., found not guilty.

Sollie Hill, A. & B., found guilty and fined \$10.00.

Adrian Pinn, No. 4, unlawfully selling liquor, found not guilty.

A. J. Ketter, unlawfully selling liquor, judgment confessed.

J. U. Hamilton A. & B., judgment confessed.

W. L. Taylor, A. & B., found not guilty.

Z. T. Webb, selling dead weapons to minor, found not guilty.

J. B. Apperson, unlawfully distilling, judgment confessed.

Jas. A. Alderman, misdemeanor, not pros.

Suicide in Irish Corner.

On last Friday, the 14th, Dr. M. A. Vester was summoned to the scene of a tragical occurrence, by which a human soul was hurried into eternity.

On that morning Mrs. Mary Mann, wife of Davis J. Mann, farmer, living in Irish Corner, district, about two miles south of Hancock, hung herself in a granary, between the hours of 8 and 10 a.m.

On receipt of the intelligence Justice T. H. Adgell summoned a coroner's jury and proceeded to hold an inquest, by which the following facts were developed:

Davis J. Mann, husband of the deceased testified that he had been away that morning to a neighbor's on business. His wife had spent the night at her uncle's, about one mile from home, and returned home about 8 o'clock a. m. He returned about ten a. m., and not finding his wife about the house, began to look for her. Not seeing her, he returned to the house for some tobacco, which he always kept in a particular place in a drawer. On opening the drawer he found a note, of which the following is the substance:

"DAVID: I hope the Lord will bless you, for you have done all you could to get me well, but my head had got to such a fix that I was no satisfaction to you or anybody else. I have not had one such pleasure, but I wanted to get away where

people would not see me. I got to such a fix that I wasn't allowed to live any longer. God bless you in all your troubles. I never thought that I would ever have to take my own dear life. You done all you could."

On reading the note he hurried out to a small out-house (used for a granary) where he found her lying on the floor. She had made a slip noose with a piece of cord about the size of wool twine, put it around her neck, tied the end to a rafter, and lay down. He did not touch her being satisfied she was dead, but ran to a neighbor's and gave the alarm.

Dr. Gates, the family physician, testified that she was of sound mind, but that ill health had probably destroyed her desire to live. Her death was the result of strangulation, and the character of the surroundings indicated deliberation, as she could easily have saved herself.

A neighbor woman testified that only an hour before the occurrence she overheard deceased remark that she was tired of living.

The jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to death by her own hand.

Mrs. Mann was the daughter of Mr. George W. Morgan, and was about 24 years of age. She was buried on Friday in the Morgan graveyard.—Greenbrier Messenger.

What Do They do With It

We know what the young men graduates will do with the book learning, be the same much or little, which lies back of the diploma. They will try to get a living with it; and as their learning has been more or less practical their chances will be better or worse. The young man just from college is expected to find or make a way to apply what he has learned.

What about the young women graduates? What are they going to do with it? What can they do with it? Fewer avenues being open to them, their course of instruction should have been on lines the most practical, the most likely to fit them for usefulness to themselves and society. Little dashes of polite learning not too well learned are but a thin veneer of a very slight foundation.

The day is coming when the girls of America as well as the boys will be educated to do something that will bring them a living. An idle young woman in a family will be no better thought of than an idle young man.—E. X.

Reptile—"Her Mark"

Some of the newspapers are printing a fac simile of the autograph of Abraham Lincoln's mother.

Plain Sarah Lincoln signed a document in a very simple and old-fashioned way. A friendly hand traced her name, with the explanatory words, "Her mark," and Sarah then made the familiar "X."

That one mark is an epitome of the history of the republic. From such crude and simple beginnings have sprung our culture and civilization. Humble Sarah Lincoln gave to the world a son who wrote his name in imperishable letters or light on one of the proudest pages of our annals.

It is the story of the republic—out of the depths to the highest place in the temple of Fame—out of the darkness and into the light—Atlanta Constitution.

Gov. Lee has issued a requisition upon the Governor of Missouri for Robert Warwick, who was indicted in the County Court of Highland county, Va., in January, 1884, for the murder of E. D. Atkinson. Warwick made his escape from jail after the killing of Atkinson, and eluded arrest until a few days ago when he was captured in Shiloh county, Ind., and lodged in jail.

Ex-Senator Cameron, of Pa., is very ill.

The Prohibition Amendment was defeated in Pennsylvania by 200,000 majority.

A policeman was shot badly but not fatally, in Wheeling, on the 18th, by a man whom he attempted to arrest.

It is said that a cousin of the rich Astor family in New York recently committed suicide to avoid starvation. 'Tis a sad world, after all.

Mrs. Hayes, the wife of ex-President Hayes, was stricken with apoplexy on the 21st inst., at her home in Fremont, O.

In England and France many women dress in men's clothes all the time. They claim that when they pass themselves off for men they get better wages and suffer less annoyance.

Sitting Bull gives indications of remaining a "bad Indian" for a while longer. It was thought that he was about to check his baggage for the happy hunting grounds a few days ago, but he is now reported as recovering. The doughty chieftain may be old, but he seems to still be very tough.

A young man named Joseph Smith, on the 24, threw a stone at the cars as they were passing Wey's Cove Station, on the Shenandoah Valley Road, at high speed. It struck the cars, and rebounding struck Smith on the head, killing him instantly.

William Nye has sailed for Europe to interview the queen. But Mr. Nye cannot get an audience with her maj. Court etiquette requires that all persons visiting the queen should come by her lair. Mr. Nye has no hair to comb, and consequently he will be compelled to play in the backyard with the queen's grandchildren and have his dinner sent to him.

GRAND PICNIC.

On July 4th, there will be a basket picnic near Dunmore. A large platform is erected for dancing. Good music will be in attendance. Refreshments on the ground and flying dachman and other amusements.

Everybody is invited. By order of Committee.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McLaughlin dec'd, are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McLaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
UNAH HEYERER,
Adm'r of David McLaughlin, dec'd.
June 24-45
Green Bank W. Va.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS,

—AND GO TO—

ALOUY & DOYLE'S

Where you can see a large assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER

Ready Made Clothing,

Also a nice line of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ladies gents, and children's SHOES, and the latest styles in ladies

HATS, just from New York.

Call and see them, and we assure polite and careful attention will be shown you.

They are also Proprietors of

Huntersville Hotel,

Where, if you stop, you will receive the best accommodations.

A. B. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

Funerary Home.

The following funerals are now before me for attention.

C. L. Austin Adm'x of Florence M. Austin dec'd.

R. B. Hannah Ex'r of Barbara A. Gam.

L. M. McClintic, Con'r of Anna.

WANTED.

5000 lb of dry soap.

Address Editor THIS.

Jones, W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

10 lbs per barrel, small 15 lbs per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's, Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edgely for 4 cts. mar. 29.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail coach leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL PLACK, Carrier.

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill start on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble.

Per bush \$2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 10 cts per bu.

Geo. H. McLaughlin, Edgely.

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Fifteen Professors and Teachers.

Preparatory Department.

Classical Course.

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Civil and Mining Engineering Course. Law School.

Tuition free to West Virginia students. Except in Law School. Tuition in Law School, \$24.00. Total expenses for one year, \$140.00 to \$250.00, excluding clothing and travel. Eight state students across each Senatorial district, appointed by Executive, furnished books and stationery.

Females are admitted to Collegiate Department.

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E. M. TURNER, LL. D., Pres., Morgantown, W. Va.

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Send model, drawing or photo., with description. It is advice if satisfactory or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of agents in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Pinebluffs Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Published at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

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One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 27 1889.

VERY SLIGHT CLEWS.

How Tom Marshall Once Upon a Time Directed a Bargain.

"Tom" Marshall was at one time the favorite hero of the bar in Kentucky. His acumen, his wit, his magnetic power over a jury, whether he happened to be drunk or sober, gave rise to numberless anecdotes about him. One of the least known is the following:

Marshall, after a prolonged holiday, found himself in a little inland town, the center of an admiring circle of half-made friends who were proud of his real position or occupation. Chief among these was a young dentist, a hard-working, frugal fellow, when by dint of strict economy, had saved a few hundred dollars. He was about to be married, and bought a snug little house, and withdrew his money one day from the bank to pay for it.

The bargain was to be completed on the following day. He carried the money to his chamber, a small room back of his shop, and locking up the roll of bills in his secretary, went to bed.

About midnight he was awakened by the flash of a dark lantern in his face. He sprang up. A man was climbing out of the open window. His desk was open and rifled. He rushed upon the thief, who fired at him twice and escaped. The poor dentist, on the eve of his wedding day, was left dangerously wounded and penniless.

The country was searched for traces of the thief, but in vain. Marshall took a keen interest in the matter, questioned the policemen closely, and when they gave up in despair, asked permission to visit the dentist's rooms. After a close search, he found upon the floor a small pellet of burned paper, which he carried home. It was the wadding out the thief's pistol. When examined, it proved to be half of a receipt for water tax, signed by John Jones, town clerk.

The date was noted, but the name of the man paying the tax was torn off, excepting two letters, Pe— Marshall at once searched the records of the town clerk, and found on the given date Peter Scott had paid his water tax. Peter was arrested, and the money was found in his possession.

Marshall came after left the village, followed by the blessings of the grateful dentist and his bride. Long afterward they discovered that their friend was the famous mountebank lawyer of Kentucky.

Another story which lingers in the memory of the people in the same vicinity is of an old lawyer named Hunt, who, in the early part of this century, was known as "the death-head," an epithet which was given to him because he was supposed to defend a poor colored porter in a bank, on account of robbing the vault, after the cashier was gagged and tied.

The circumstantial evidence was

complete against the negro, but Hunt was convinced of his innocence. The thief, too, had dropped a bit of cloth on the floor, apparently the torn lining of a hat, about which Hunt's keen scent detected a faint, peculiar perfume.

"The man who wore this is a tanner," he said to a detective.

There was but one tannery within forty miles. One of the owners was a dissipated young man. He was watched and soon detected in passing some of the stolen money. Being arrested, he confessed his guilt, and Hunt's client was saved. The old saying, "Murder will out," is true only when some intellect is acute enough to gather the proof of guilt from trifles which other men neglect.—Youth's Companion.

The World Full of Death Traps.

According to the *American Argonaut*, the worst enemies of the human race are the doctors, who try to prolong our miserable existence in a world full of death traps. One medico tells you not to eat or drink too much. Another says that you must only eat what you fancy, because otherwise you will bolt your food without giving to each morsel the thirty-six mastications which are necessary for digestion. You must wear a respirator over your mouth, a pad on your chest, and a swath of flannel round your loins. If you live in Iowa, you will die of fog if you go to the country, you will be poisoned by bad drainage; if you drink water, you are tempting the typhoid fever; milk spells scarlatina, and tea causes sudden death. Do you shun these tempestuous pleasures of the senses and take refuge in the recreations of the mind? Do you borrow a novel from the circulating library? That is to import the germs of disease into a healthy household. The volume in your hands may have been pursued by a person recovering from an infectious illness!

Learn and Garden Notes.

Don't forget the dust bath. Don't plant corn that will not grow. Be sure and test your corn before planting.

Don't plow the land when wet or sticky.

One of the essentials of sowing is a fine soil.

Mix the dry horse manure with the wet cow manure.

Cooked rice, fed cold, is good for diarrhoea in chicks.

Don't breed a draft mare to a trotter or a thoroughbred.

Don't feed sulphur to roasting chicks—it produces leg weakness.

Hard-boiled eggs and cornmeal makes a good first feed for ducklings.

Don't breed to a mishapen ungainly horse, even if he has a long pedigree.

It is a mistaken idea that a hen's nest ought to be duty a year with renewing.

A gentleman who was driving up Fourth street across the other day came to several empty barrels in the street, and he halted and asked of a boy who sat on the curb:

"Say boy, who rolled those barrels out here?"

"I'd do. We are cleaning house," was the answer.

"Whose children are those out there in the street?"

"They are ours. Ma sent 'em out to get rid of them."

"Is that your dog making such a fuss in the back yard?"

"Yes, sir. We are seeing how long he can keep it up."

"And I suppose you lagged that ladder out here?"

"Yes, sir—I'm playing with it."

"Well, you seem to be doing about as you want up here?"

"Yes, sir except that I can't dry that ladder out of the lamp post. Haven't got a stepladder in the lot up here yet! I just want that to be long."

Miss De Smet—"I'll never touch another chew of gum as long as I live."

Proud Mother—"I am glad to hear you say so, my dear; but what has reformed you so suddenly?"

"Last evening Mr. Highbrow proposed to me just at the moment when my jaws got stuck, so couldn't say anything, and he went off."

Flap—"I'm in love, and the only disagreeable thing about it is that the girl is older than I."

Jack—"How old are you now?"

"I'm eighteen."

"And the lady is what?"

"Twenty-two."

"Well, make your mind easy. By the time you are twenty-one she'll be only twenty."

Husband (after some words with his wife)—"Well let us drop it. I don't care to say any more about it."

And, besides I like to talk to a sensible person when I am talking."

Wife (with a sarcastic laugh)—"You don't always do it, then."

H.—"I don't."

W.—"No I sometimes hear you talking to yourself."

Household Hints.

Wash out common oil stains in cold water.

The nicest fire to broil with is made of charcoal.

Burnt alum is the best cure for *prossé* in "moss or breast."

Pickles may be greened with cabbage leaves. Never use coloring.

When dress silks become wet put in between the hands to dry quickly.

"William," said Mrs. Trembly, "hear that horrid dog! Isn't it awful?"

"Is that the same dog that kept us awake last night?"

"I think so. It sounds unlucky doesn't it?"

"Didn't you ever hear that the howling of a dog was a sure sign of death in the family?"

"No. Whose family?"

"The dog's," said Trembly in a firm voice as stepped out of bed and reached for his revolver.

"Well, sir," said an old gentleman indignantly, "what are doing around here again. I thought the delicate hint I gave you just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you very well." And the speaker looked at his boot in a reminiscent way.

"It did said the young man," as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face. "But I thought I would come and ask you—"

"Ask me what?"

"If you would like to join our football association."

Charles—"Who is she?"
Jawidge—"My fiancée."

Charles—"Pshaw! I thought you had more taste. I wouldn't marry a girl who wore a red dress with a green back to it."

Jawidge—"It's the greenback in her pocketbook I am after, dear boy."

FOR THE BLOOD.
Weakness, Nervousness, Irritability, and all the ailments of the system, such as
BROUEN'S TONIC
is a specific. For sale by all druggists in medicine. Get the genuine.

A GENTLEMAN, having been cured of Syphilis, Prostration, Seminal Weakness, Premature Decay, and all the evil effects of early indiscretion and youthful folly, is anxious to make known to those who wish and will give him their symptoms, he will send (free) by return mail a copy of the recipe so successfully used in his case. Address all communications JAMES W. F. to No. 1, N. Y.

SCHEMME'S SPECIFIC
Huntersville, W. Va.
I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Books and Blanks of all kinds, also spring-boards in neat style. May 16 89. J. C. THOMPSON.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
For Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All druggists keep it. 50¢ per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.



CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles that result from a bilious state of the system, such as
Pain in the side, flatulence, indigestion, constipation, and all the ailments of the system. It is a specific. For sale by all druggists in medicine. Get the genuine.

SICK
Headache, get Carter's Little Liver Pills. It is a specific. For sale by all druggists in medicine. Get the genuine.

HEAD
Ache they would be almost prone to those who suffer from this distressing complaint. It is a specific. For sale by all druggists in medicine. Get the genuine.

ACHE
is the name of so many from that here is where we make our great work. One pill cures a whole lot of ailments. It is a specific. For sale by all druggists in medicine. Get the genuine.

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SONAZA BARGAINS!

MY FIRST WORD IS

Bargains!

To all comers, I offer the opportunity of the season is

Dry Goods,
Hats, Clothing,
Notions, Groceries,
Hardware Queens-
ware, Tinware,
Trunks, Valises
&c.

I will sell as low as could be bought in the city.

JACOB BONER,
Huntersville, W. Va.

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Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drag Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT THE TIME.

JOB OFFICE.

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Scott's Emulsion

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HYPOPHOSPHITE

It is used and endorsed by the highest authorities in the world.

It is Palatable as Milk.

It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.

It is far superior to all other emulsions.

It is a perfect emulsion, does not separate or change.

It is wonderful as a flesh producer.

It is the best remedy for Consumption, Cerebral, Bronchitis, Wasting Disease, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.

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I HAVE JUST GOT \$3,000 MY SHARE
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NO PLANKS

EXTRA GIFTS BLOOD OR CASH
100 WATCHES.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI.

C. F. Moore, Editor.

Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Jan. 10, 1889.

Terms: \$1.00 PER YEAR. No. 25.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. M. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClinton.
Sheriff, R. V. Hill.
Deputy Sheriff, C. O. Atchison.
Clerk of Or. & Co. Court, A. J. Board.
Attorney, C. E. Board, Pres.
S. R. Hume, Sec.
C. T. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Batten.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July 1st every term.

L. M. MCCLINTON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

C. F. MOORE,
Solicitor-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Solicitor-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

W. L. KEE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. RYDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

D. J. H. WYNDLIS,
Resident Dentist,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County at any time and place. The extra fee of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. F. F. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County at any time and place. The extra fee of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Disturbing Business Educator
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been convicted of the crime of disturbing business in the County of Pocahontas, West Virginia, during the year 1888.

THE TIMES
Published weekly, except on Sundays and holidays. Price, 10 cents per copy. Annual subscription, \$1.00 in advance.

The Devil.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to. They've found the door of the broadest creed is to let his society through. There isn't a vest of his clever foot, or a fiery dart from his bow, to be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is missing the fatal draught that passes heart and brain. And looks the devil of each meeting year with ten hundred thousand slain. Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell. If the devil isn't dead never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who does the steps of the falling saint, and dips the life for his rest? Who sows the seeds in the field of Time wherever God sows the wheat? The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true. But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We're told he does not go about in a roaring lion now. But when shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row? To be the death from going out. And stare the earth's remotest bound. If the devil by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forth with and make his bow and show. How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know. The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the Devil is gone. But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

Striking a Light.

In the days before the invention of friction matches the difficulty of procuring fire was so great that all pains were taken to prevent the fire from being lost. One day a man was walking through a field of corn. He had a bundle of straw with him, and he was using it to light his pipe. He was walking through a field of corn, and he was using it to light his pipe. He was walking through a field of corn, and he was using it to light his pipe.

But fire could not be kept with comfort in the summer, and there would be times in the winter when the length would become cold. Then some folks must be brought from a neighbor's, or a new fire must be kindled in the house.

This latter process was finally accomplished by means of flint and steel. Most readers have no doubt seen a spark of fire struck out from a stone hitting a stone in the hand, or from the stone of a flint hammer grinding over rocks.

To obtain fire by this method a piece of steel, such as a file or rasp, was struck with a flint or a bit of white quartz from a granite ledge, and the spark was caught in tinder—shredded cotton rags. The flint lock mechanism, with a few grains of powder and some tinder in the pan, was looked upon by our grandmothers as a domestic treasure.

Some times, on a clear day, a burning glass—a lens for collecting all one point the rays of the sun—was used.

The method of producing fire by rubbing together two dry sticks is known to most boys, but it has not been entirely forgotten by civilized people. It belongs to the older conditions of life.

In Father Capt. William Hall's book, "The Art of Living," he has mentioned this more scientific method than a few. The natives strike a light by compressing wood. The apparatus used consists of a wooden cylinder, two and a half inches long, three quarters of an inch in diameter. This is placed at one end, the hand being above the point of a small piece of wood, and the other end is held in the hand.

At the end of the cylinder is held a small piece of wood, and the other end is held in the hand. The natives strike a light by compressing wood. The apparatus used consists of a wooden cylinder, two and a half inches long, three quarters of an inch in diameter. This is placed at one end, the hand being above the point of a small piece of wood, and the other end is held in the hand.

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with the palm of the hand on the top of the knob. The hand must at the same time close on the knob and instantly withdraw the piston, when the tinder will be found alight. It requires skill to use the apparatus as well as science to invent it—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The Value of Salt.

Now that there is a prospect of salt being admitted duty free, I wish to make a few remarks to the farmers of the New York World, says a correspondent, on what I believe to be its incomparable value. I have used it many years in the garden and on the farm in various ways, and believe it to be profitable to all who cultivate the soil. It is needless to speak of its many uses in the household or domestic economy, nor shall I urge the great advantage of supplying it to stock—cattle, sheep, hogs and horses. It is well known to be beneficial to these in keeping up good condition, and in the three last named helps to keep down internal parasites.

Salt, in moderate quantities, is good for the land—improves grass and grain and is good for nearly all vegetable crops. I have found it particularly good for onions, carrots and cabbages. Some seem to think it is only a stimulant; the same is said of lime. But as it will both improve the crops. Salt, in some respects, seems to have opposite properties—to be in some measure paradoxical—for, while it preserves animal life, it hastens the decay of many vegetable substances, inasmuch that sprinkled through leaves or weeds, it helps to decompose them, and, while heavy doses kill weeds and grass, duly distributed and mixed with the soil, it is an excellent fertilizer. This is why many people have an aversion to calling their land.

But what I chiefly wish to show is its property in destroying insects of almost every kind. Either alone or mixed with other salts, as it is an insecticide. Before the crop is committed to the ground it should be sown in its purity over the land where your insects generate in myriads. This done, one or two weeks before sowing the seed and thoroughly harrowed in through the soil, it will be absorbed thereby, and it will not evaporate, but remain in the ground to perform a twofold operation. When applied to the growing grain it should be incorporated with time and distributed evenly over the crop. Worms, maggots, grubs or other insects can not breed or live in salted earth, and if the garden or forest, when working by his pile of compost in the spring, would add a good sprinkling of salt all through it he would have little to complain of in the way of grubs or other insects eating the roots of his roses or carnations. There are other things exceptionally good for this purpose, but salt will effect the end desired.

As an instance of its immediate power on some insects, take any number of other earthworms or earths, make a pile of them and put a ring of salt around them. They will never cross the front till they die. Sprinkle a little salt over the pile and see how many minutes they will live. Many people in mowing their lawns are greatly annoyed by the earthworms—casts sticking fast to the roller, whereas a very slight sprinkling of salt would prevent this, keep down the worms and be good for the grass.

And this is one of the uses of salt. It is a very sharp blow to give them.

Dogs that Learn Trades.

The dog corps, long since established in the French army, has been recently much increased, an efficient have these little soldiers become. At an early stage of the trials they gave satisfaction at advanced posts, scouting or hearing a stranger approaching even in the darkness, and quickly learning the difference between a friendly and a foreign uniform. The latest trick the military dog has learned is that of carrying dispatches between distant sections of an army or relief or reinforcements presumably advancing through hostile country. The system is an offshoot of the dog sniffer system, which is described in the current number of Blackwood's and the steps by which the animals are taught to understand what is wanted of them are best shown by reference to that article.

The sniffer is a broad dog walks across the frontier, his dog, by his side, leaving the latter at the house of his accomplice and returning without him. When night falls, the dog is given a beating and turned loose to find his way home. Next he has a small packet fastened to his collar, and gradually the burden is increased. Then half a dozen or more are employed at the same time; the most intelligent being given no burden, that he may the more readily act as a scout for the others. He goes ahead, they keeping well back, till he gives them the signal that the coast is clear. The customs dog from its earliest years is made to play hide and seek with bags of coffee, rolls of lace, packages of tobacco, and the like. They do not bark, being taught to sit silently in ambush and give a low growl or simply cock up their ears and point the true direction of the advancing pack.

The French army dogs, mastiffs, like the sniffer dogs, though first they must be taken from point to point to find them again, when they get to understand the idea, and what is wanted of them, will find a distant column or command with little difficulty if given the general direction, unless it be at too great a distance, and carry messages to and fro with commendable zeal.—Scientific American.

Expensive Nestles.

From an article entitled "Hard Times in the Confederacy" in the Century we quote the following:—In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse Louisiana cloth, cost two hundred and thirty dollars—equivalent of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats and for the cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged fifty dollars. It is safe to say that the private citizen looked a veritable gey in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket book.

In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress which before the war would have cost ten dollars could not be bought for less than five hundred. The woman's mind is unequal to the task of guessing how great a sum might have been paid for her dress, brought through the lines for in spite of patient self-denial and withstanding devotion at the bedside of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to the needs of relatives and dependents at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as much an increase in the value of their goods as the increase in the value of their goods. It is not to be wondered at that they should be so interested, even though their interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a shiver the less and a pang the more. Any genuine garment in the shape of cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North was readily awarded the need of praise, and regarded as a necessary of life, so far as the necessity of materials would admit.

"But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for twelve dollars a paper, and needles for ten, with not enough of either."

Pedal Adaptability.

The Eskimo dog has the snow-shoe foot, the water dog the paddle foot, while the greyhound, for example, has a foot formed on the model best adapted to speed, that is to say, it is small, light and hard. Just this modification of a foot to suit land, water or snow is to common an occurrence to cause the surprise if otherwise would, though there happens now and then a failure to adapt, which serves to emphasize the fact—as in the case of the deer, which, instead of being so modified that it can bear itself up on snowshoes, is obliged to be skill step in when modification fails to come. When the snow is soft it sinks helplessly in and flounders about as clumsily as any other animal less used to the feathery material; but when there is crust on the snow, as there generally is in the northern regions, even though that crust would sink under the same weight of horse flesh, the deer knows how to glide over it in safety. How much of an art this is can be best appreciated by watching how the light-footed cat will come to grip on the glistening surface of crushed snow. In spite of its sharp claws it will slip this way and that, and finally break through, where five times the weight of reindeer or moose flesh would have skinned along with ease, speed and safety.—Scientific American.

Slightly coated wooden articles, knitted or crocheted, may be made to look as well as new if they are carefully rubbed in flour. Cover them with flour and rub gently, as if washing, until the flour becomes dark. Take out the article and rub in clean flour until all soil is removed. Shake well and hang in the wind until no atom of flour remains in the wood. Of course one would not care to clean in this way articles that are worn next to the body but for shawls, capes and underclothing they are most admirably—London Budget.

Wasson Has Written 300 Books.

"I had the curiosity the other day," says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette, "in turning over a volume of the British Museum Catalogue, to examine the library entries under the name of 'Gildred' (light from William Wasson). The total number of these, exclusive of other editions and 'value copies' is 300. Of these, eight are in Italian, seven in French, five in German, two in Greek, two in Russian, two in Latin, two in Welsh, one in Danish and one in Spanish. The diversity in output is not less remarkable, but it is characteristic of Wasson's personality that at least half the entries are on theological subjects."